

The Corvallis Times.

WEEKLY AND SEMI-WEEKLY.

Vol. XVI--No. 17.

CORVALLIS, OREGON, JUNE 13, 1903.

R. F. IRVINE
Editor and Proprietor.

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Leaves Corvallis..... 11:30 a. m.
Arrives Albany..... 12:15 p. m.

3 For Detroit:
Leaves Albany..... 7:00 a. m.
Arrives Detroit..... 12:05 p. m.

4 from Detroit:
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Physician, Surgeon, Occulist
Corvallis, Oregon.

OFFICE—Rooms 1 and 2, Bank Building. RESIDENCE—On Third street, between Monroe and Jackson. Res. telephone number 611, office 481.

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Administrator's Notice.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been duly appointed by the County Court of the State of Oregon for the County of Benton, administrator of the estate of Elizabeth Jane Shipley, deceased. All persons having claims against said estate are hereby requested to present the same properly verified as by law required at the office of Yates & Yates, Corvallis, Oregon, within six months from the date hereof. Dated at Corvallis, Oregon, this 19th day of May, 1903.

A. J. SHIPLEY,
Administrator of the estate of Elizabeth Jane Shipley, deceased.

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Residence in front of court house facing 3rd st. Office hours 8 to 9 a. m. 1 to 2 and 7 to 8.
CORVALLIS

SAW THE CYCLONE.

SAW IT FORM, AND THEN SAW
IT RUSH DESTRUCTIVELY
THROUGH A CITY.

There Was a Calm Just Before and Just After It—The Eye-Witness Was Within Two Hundred Yards and Watched It Form, Pass and Disappear.

Gainesville, Ga., June 9.—Viewed from one of the highest points in the city, the cyclone presented a most aweinspiring and spectacular appearance. The writer had seen just such a storm before. One never forgets the signs of its approach. From the veranda of a cottage home I saw the unfailing indications of the coming tornado, and while I little dreamed of the awful destruction of life and property which was to be. I knew that death and sorrow lined the lurid clouds which loomed up from the southwestern horizon. All day the weather had been fickle, alternating between sunshine and showers. The temperature was lower than normal, but barometric pressure extraordinary was noted. About noon heavy clouds gathered in the west, and continuous reverberations of thunder were heard. Though these heavy detonations were incessant and unusually heavy in the west, the wind stiffened, a brisk northeast breeze, which soon grew to almost a storm. The heavy rumbling, muttering was continuous overhead, and directly, despite the northeaster, the formation of the cyclone was seen. It seemed to form just southwest of the city. A clear streak of horizon, with light, smoke-like clouds, flying in both directions at once; those were the tokens of the coming cyclone to those who had seen such storms. Gradually and deliberately, as if it would give fair warning of its coming, the gathering forces of the air culminated into the funnel-shaped terror. Then there was a death-like calm.

The northeaster sank to a murmur and the continuous rumbling of the thunder overhead and westward ceased. The dead calm warned those who read the signs again. Then southwest of the town the unmistakable roar of the cyclone was heard, and skurrying, hurrying rings of cloud joining the dark mass. The roaring increased till it was like a score of heavy trains rushing on. Then I saw it gather the big mill building of the Gainesville cotton mill in its death embrace, and the roof curled up in a coil. The vortex of the storm was now dark, and about it seemed to play lighter nebulae of color. The trail of the funnel-shaped cloud kept close to the earth, and I saw the buildings in its path yield helplessly to its force. Brick and frame structures alike were unable to withstand. And then the terror plowed its way along the ridge just north of the Southern Railway, where the lower class of whites and the bulk of the colored population of the town live. High in air could be seen the debris of homes, and the roar was like rushing water. The trail of death passed within 200 yards of me and there was hardly a noticeable breeze, while eastward the awful mass of moving air and cloud and smoke and debris raged for several minutes. It rose just east of town and left several homes directly in its wake comparatively unharmed. Then it dipped to earth again and cottage after cottage of the New Holland mill settlement went down before it.

In the dark cloud, revolving with an almost demonic fury, I could see little till the clear after-calm revealed a clean-swept hill, where a moment before stood a hundred homes. The large two-story cottages of Paeolet mill were like paper boxes in the storm, and the valley beyond the mill settlement was literally covered with the splinters and scraps and fragments of what had been but this morning happy, if humble homes. Then the storm passed on into the northeast and was lost to sight and hearing in a few moments. As there was a dead calm preceding the burst of the storm's fury so there was a momentary, ominous stillness immediately succeeding the cyclone. Then on the quiet air

came the shrieks and screams of the sufferers or those whose loved ones who met death in the storm. From New Holland, three-quarters of a mile distant, and from New Town and the Gainesville cotton mill district, rose the wail of the injured or bereaved, and between these two sections the negro settlement laid waste and strewn with wounded and dying and dead was a scene of pandemonium.

The car line was paralyzed and through the driving rain which followed the calm, every soul in the city who was unhurt began the work of rescue and search. The merchants in the business portion of the town left their stores and rushed to the stricken portion.

The firebell called out the paid and volunteer departments to the houses which had become ignited. Two thousand ready hands in ten minutes began the work of rescue in the drenching flood which followed the storm. The piteous cries of the wounded as they were taken from heaps of rubbish and debris, and the heart-rending wails of those who found loved ones crushed and mangled beneath the mass of ruin rent the air while no less pathetic was the dumb sorrow and distraction of those who could not find children or parents or friends in the terrible confusion, and the dazed wanderings of hundreds in humble life who wandered aimlessly over the wreck and ruin in search of the remains of lost ones.

Havre, Mont., June 9.—Authenticated advices from Hinsdale say that Brown, of the Glasgow jailbreakers, was captured late this evening by Sheriff Rutter. Rutter got a tip that Brown was to meet friends near Hinsdale this evening and went there to meet him.

Brown seemed inclined to talk, and when questioned by Rutter said that he had come to Hinsdale alone, having left the other three shortly after they left the brush. He had no coat or hat. He says he did not want to be with the gang when they came in contact with the officers, as he was sure there would be some hard fighting.

He says the plan was to overpower the guards and put them in the cell with Hardee and make their escape without Hardee. The Bowers ranch outfit saw Brown at Vandalia yesterday afternoon, but he put them off by telling them some story which they evidently believed.

Brown says he does not know who shot Williams, but it was probably Pierce. He says while the four outlaws rode through the brush near Glasgow they passed within 30 feet of some of the posse, and that they could have easily killed the whole lot. Hardee remarked that the officers were pretty bold to come in there, but that he did not think it best to shoot.

Nothing has been seen or heard from the other three as yet.

"We dont make the cheapest wagon; we do make the best." This is what the manufacturers claim for the "Old Hickory" wagons, and justly so, as it is without doubt the strongest and most durable wagon on the market today. A car-load just received by A. Wilhelm & Sons, Monroe.

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POISONED THEM ALL.

SISTER MURDERED HER BROTHER AND HIS WIFE AND LITTLE CHILD.

Gave Them Strychnine—Wanted to Quiet the Grief of Parents Over Death of Their Babe, and Gave Each Fatal Dose—Other News.

Kalkaska, Mich., June 10.—Prosecutor Smith announced today that Mrs. Mary McKnight, who has been under arrest here for several days, has confessed to the poisoning of her brother, John Murphy, his wife and baby. A partial confession was made Monday evening, in which Mrs. McKnight denied killing the baby. Late last night Prosecutor Smith again called at the woman's cell at her request, and this time she made a complete confession. In her first statement she admitted giving Mr. and Mrs. Murphy capsules of strychnine and quinine mixed. She said:

"I did not intend to harm any of them. I did give the baby the strychnine. It woke up and cried while its mother was gone, and I mixed up a little strychnine in a glass with some water and gave a spoonful to the baby. I did not mean to harm the little thing at all. I confessed all to the Lord this afternoon and I feel that he has forgiven me.

When Gertrude came home and found the baby dead she got awfully nervous. She came to me and said, "Mary, can't you give me something to quiet me—something that you take yourself?" I said that I would, and I really did not think it would hurt her if I gave her one of the capsules. She had spasms right after that. I supposed that the strychnine killed her. Then John seemed to feel so badly about it that I often thought after Gertrude died it would be better if he were to go, too. John was feeling badly one night a couple of weeks after Gertrude died. He wanted something to quiet him. I had two or three of the capsules on my dresser, and told him to get one of them. I thought that it would soothe him, and then I thought it would be for the best if he were to go away. He helped himself. Then he went to bed and by and by called me. Mother came, too, and he began to have the same spasms."

The whole of the confession was given voluntarily, and Mrs. McKnight signed it after Prosecutor Smith had written it.

East Las Vegas, N. M., June 10.—Word comes from the Sapello Valley of the severest hail storm on record. The ground was covered to a depth of 13 inches and many of the stones were larger than hens' eggs. Alfalfa was beaten to the ground, other crops ruined, and many sheep on the ranges killed. It is thought that no human lives were lost, though fear is expressed for the safety of the sheepherders. It is still raining in torrents in this section.

Wanted.

Wood. Inquire at TIMES office.

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